

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

May 1946





COURTESY U. S. FOREST SERVICE

Smokey, the Forest Fire Prevention bear, teaches an important lesson. (What is the magazine the cub is reading? "The American Junior Red Cross News," of course!)

The Friendly Forest

A Vast Green Treasure Chest

WINIFRED HEATH

TREES have served men since the beginning of history. Yet here in the United States it is only within the past forty years that we have thought of protecting and cherishing our splendid forests. Trees today are working for us on land, sea and in the air. To the endless list of their ancient uses and blessings they have added countless new ones. Wood was extremely useful in the war and is now of tremendous importance in the building of peace.

During the first world war, spruce wood was largely used for airplanes; then the metal plane came into favor. But, even in the second world war, quantities of plywood went into training and combat planes, gliders and cargo planes.

The new glues combined with plywood have

finally produced substances known as Impreg and Compreg, Staypak and Papreg. The research scientists of the United States Forest Laboratories were looking for some chemical treatment of wood that would make it absorb less moisture, protect it from shrinking and swelling, warping and twisting. Compreg seems to answer all requirements. It is said that a fuselage can be molded from it, and it is particularly good for airplane propellers. Compreg makes the use of rivets unnecessary and streamlines the airship so that it is smoother and speedier in flight.

Staypak is even stronger than Compreg and requires no additional resin. Papreg is produced from paper and makes a material with great stretching qualities. It, too, can be used in airplane construction.

Scientists are finding other ways of using wood; both chips and sawdust serve. Two of the by-products of sawdust are lignin and the substance, vanillin, which provides vanilla flavoring. Ethyl alcohol is yet another product of the obliging sawdust which it used to cost money to get rid of. It is used in medicines, explosives, synthetic rubber, and a host of other things, and it is hoped that some day it can be produced very cheaply.

Our pioneer forefathers found a land covered with more than 800 million acres of virgin forest. Today all but 100 million acres are cutover land that is now producing only about half of what it should.

The forest is much more than so many billion feet of board lumber. It is a great protecting force against flood; storm; that nightmare thing, soil erosion; and desolate dust bowls. It is a sanctuary for us and all our furred and feathered friends, a playground beyond compare, as well as a vast green treasure house.

Forests were meant to keep young wonder in our hearts, and the love of all living things. Nowhere else in the world can we find so much beauty, peace of mind and body, and quietness of spirit as in the green aisles of the friendly forests.

For all these reasons the State and Federal Forest Services are urging us all to do our individual bit to keep the forests with us. They tell us to guard against forest fires just as we would against a foreign enemy.

Next time we go to the woods let us be dead sure that the pleasant campfire we sat by will not send out a deadly spark after we leave—reducing thousands of living trees to charred stumps and ashes.

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

Part I

May • 1946

Ott's Super-Scooter

JACK BECHDOLT

Illustrations by Beth Henninger

IN the dim light from remote stars Harmony Village slept, but not everybody in it.

The door of the Ott's back-yard garage, office and laboratory of Oliver Ott and supreme headquarters of Ott's Commandos, slid open with stealthy caution. Two figures moved in the black shadows, speaking in whispers. A flashlight winked.

Between them they guided a strange, wheeled something that came to rest in the Ott's back yard.

The flashlight's beam played over what looked like a glistening green and yellow dragonfly—a gigantic dragonfly mounted on two rubber-tired wheels set one behind the other. The thing had a bucket seat for a lone pilot, and handlebars that turned its front wheel.

Lincoln Treadway whistled soft and long.

"Ol," he whispered, "that's tops. Biggest thing you ever did. If that's as fast as it looks—"

"Faster," said Oliver Ott, the boy Edison of Harmony. "Wait till you see her scoot. But pipe down on the chatter, and put out that light. Butch Wilder and his gang have been haunting this place for days. If they get wise to what we're going to spring at the soap box derby tomorrow—"

"How right you are," the Link sighed.

"Butch knows we're up to something. Just this afternoon he was throwing his weight around at the drug store, boasting how the MacArthurs weren't afraid of our secret weapon. You know what, Ol? I wouldn't put it past Butch and his MacArthurs to steal your super-scooter if they had a chance. Or sabotage it!"

"They'll try every trick in the bag," Oliver agreed as the two Commandos moved his newest invention across the deepest shadows of the Otts' lawn toward the paved street beyond.

On Saturday, now but a few hours removed, Harmony School was holding a program of field sports as a means of making money for the National Children's Fund of their local Junior Red Cross. So far as Oliver and the Link were concerned the biggest event of the day would be the scooter race, or soap box derby, in which each of the neighborhood clubs would enter its fastest scooter wagons.

Leading contenders would be the MacArthurs, headed by loud-mouthed Butch Wilder, and Ott's Commandos, guided by the inventive genius of Oliver Ott. Brains versus Brawn. But, thanks to the unscrupulous methods of Butch Wilder, very dangerous brawn.

Behind locked doors Oliver had designed and built the super-scooter. Now, unseen by

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any human eye (they hoped), it was to have its first tryout.

"What's that?" gasped the Link. The two stood immobile, holding their breath.

From the blackness of a rhododendron bush came a shrill, childish giggle.

"You're not so smart, Lincoln Treadway. You make more noise than a herd of elephants!"

"For goodness sake!" groaned an outraged older brother, "Adele Treadway, you go straight home and get to bed!"

"Get to bed yourself," was Adele's answer. "You know you're supposed to be in at ten."

A female child of eight years came out of the shadow.

"And what, might I inquire, are you dragging around?" her brother demanded.

"It's my scooter wagon. You ought to know; you made it." Adele presented a crude push wagon, built of a two-by-four timber, two roller skates and a soap box.

"Wouldn't you know Link made it," she asked of Oliver. "He can't make anything right, and the roller skates keep falling off. You'll fix it for me, won't you, Oliver? I want to be in the races. Maybe I could win a prize for the Commandos."

"With that rattletrap?" the Link growled softly. "You'll be the comedy hit of the day! You'll disgrace the Commandos!"

"Shut up, both of you," Oliver whispered. "Want to wake the whole neighborhood?" As they pushed the green dragonfly along, he added, "I'm pretty busy, Adele. Besides, you ought to be home in bed. But if I have time in the morning, I'll fix your wagon. Now, run along—"

"I won't run along. You're always telling me to run along. Just because I'm a few years younger, you can't get rid of me."

Oliver sighed. The Link's little sister had a way of attaching herself to all their enterprises, and it was simpler to bow to the inevitable.

"Then make yourself useful," he said.



"Oliver! Link! Up there in that tree"

this."

They rolled the dragonfly onto the smooth asphalt of the road. A distant street lamp cast a feeble illumination; there was not a sound from the sleeping town.

Oliver took his place in the bucket seat, astride the slim pushmobile. Swift and noiseless on its rubber tired wheels the dragonfly darted back and forth the length of the block. Finally Oliver drew up, warm and panting.

"Super!" cried the Link. "Absolutely super! There isn't anything on wheels can beat her!"

"It's a new principle," Oliver beamed. "By keeping the two wheels in line, you reduce traction. It's like a bicycle. If that doesn't beat anything that the MacArthurs can enter—"

A shrill whistle split the night. Adele's voice seconded it. "Oliver! Link! Up there in that tree. . . ."

Their sentry had no need to say more.

There was a crashing turmoil in the leafy branches of a big elm close by. A dark figure leaped to earth and made off through the nearest yard.

For a second they were stunned. Then with a shout of, "Butch Wilder!" Oliver's long legs went into action. The Link was abreast of him as they charged across a neighbor's lawn, vaulted a hedge, crashed through a snowball bush and pelted across a back yard.

There, for a moment, they lost the trail. Adele caught up with them as they paused to listen for sound of the quarry.

"I saw the branches shaking," she panted.

"It was Butch all right," the Link said. "Must have been hiding there all the time."

"Split up," Oliver directed. "I'll go right;

"While we try out the super-scooter, you stand guard and keep your eyes and ears open. Butch Wilder's crowd have been hanging around like a flock of buzzards to find out what we're up to. If you see or hear anything, whistle."

Adele nodded. "I can whistle swell," she agreed, putting two fingers to her mouth. "Look, like

Link straight on; Adele, you go left. If you don't get sight of him after five minutes, meet at my house. Don't let him know he's followed. Get the evidence, and I'll settle his hash."

They went their separate ways and left the back yard to its slumber. Presently a figure rolled out from its hiding under a currant bush and picked its way in still another direction, back toward Oliver's house where the dragonfly scooter had been left unprotected.

When brother and sister returned with nothing to report, they found Oliver sitting on the curb staring intently at Adele's little scooter wagon.

"Where," wheezed the Link, "where is the super-scooter?"

For a moment Oliver seemed deaf to the question. He was dreamily examining the roller skate wheels of Adele's wagon. The Link repeated the question before he seemed aware of their presence.

"Oh, that. It's gone. Butch has it, I guess." Oliver ran his hand over the roller skates. "Yep, they pulled a fast one on us. Whoever was in that tree jumped out on purpose to get us to chase him. And while we chased, the rest of the gang stole the super. Pretty smart trick for Butch Wilder to think up."

"But Ol!" The Link's mouth hung open. His voice quavered. "They stole our secret weapon. We've gotta do something!"

Oliver continued to putter for a moment. Then he said, "Sure. That's right, Link. Best thing we can do right now is go to bed and get some sleep. And, look, Link, I'll be pretty busy all morning and right up to the time of

the races, likely. So you round up the Commandos and turn 'em loose over the ground we just covered and see if they can pick up any evidence. And, Adele, I want to see you about half past one. I'll have your scooter all fixed up for you, so you be around at headquarters."

Oliver rose and grinned at them.

"Good-night," he said. "Sweet dreams." And rambled toward his own home, dragging Adele's wagon behind him.

The Link stared, crestfallen. "Gosh," he said softly. "It's addled his brain. It's knocked him off his rocker. Him, old surefire Oliver Ott, I never thought I'd live to see it happen!"

Saturday afternoon brought fine, clear weather, cool enough to inspire any pushmobile enthusiast to bursts of speed.

The audience that gathered at Harmony School's playfield found plenty to comment upon in the variety of homemade speedsters that paraded up to the judge's stand to enter under the colors of one or another of the neighborhood clubs.

There were plain soap boxes on wheels, and tricky, streamlined racers glistening in bright paint. The Tomahawks entered one with an airplane fuselage appropriately christened "The Fighting Lady." Each flew the pennant of its owner's club, and each was duly applauded—or derided—according to the loyalties of the onlookers.

Near the entry clerk's table stood the Link, surrounded by the members of Ott's Commandos. Link, as Deputy Commander, was steeped in gloom. He had not seen Oliver Ott since that memorable parting of the night before. The door of Ott's laboratories was locked and barred, and the commander denied himself to all callers.

Morning light had showed the scouting Commandos plain evidence of somebody's flight across lawns and gardens, but the trail was soon lost. And there was no sign to prove that the mid-



"Gangway for the MacArthurs," roared Butch, elbowing Adele and Oliver aside

night culprit was definitely Butch Wilder.

"Pep up!" the Link snapped, surveying the anxious faces around him. "Show a little fighting spirit. Did Oliver Ott ever let us down? Well, he won't today, either!"

At that moment his eye beheld Oliver and Little Sister Adele, and the Link's face turned pea green. A groan escaped him.

Everybody who saw them began to laugh.

Between them, Oliver and Adele were dragging the most lopsided scooter wagon seen in Harmony. It was not hard to believe that Adele had built it with her own hands, aided perhaps by a tack hammer and a dull jack-knife. Its wobbling roller skate wheels were out of line and clacked loudly on the smooth asphalt of the track. It seemed to be constructed entirely of three odd-sized packing cases, hastily tied together with rope. Across its nose was painted a name "Baby Adele" and at its prow—unashamed—fluttered the pennant of Ott's Commandos.

Slowly the Link's face turned from green to a deep, dull red. He was ashamed to look again.

Not so Oliver Ott.

"Hi, folks!" he beamed, as he came abreast of the group. "Here's our entry. How about giving us a cheer?"

There was no cheer. The most loyal Commando was too overcome to do better than groan, and the Link groaned loudest.

Just behind this melancholy pageant came another that soon diverted attention from Oliver and his Commandos. Led by Butch Wilder, who looked beefier than usual in thick sweater and slacks, the entire membership of the MacArthurs escorted a vehicle of which the public saw little except its canvas shrouding on which was painted the club's pennant and name.

Butch Wilder's showmanship was good. At once all beholders were speculating on what sort of super-duper cosmic rocket was beneath the tarpaulin. Butch held the center of the stage as he guided the mystery to the entry clerk's table.

"Gangway for the MacArthurs," Butch roared, and elbowed aside Oliver and Adele, who had arrived first. His eye fell upon the lop-sided scooter wagon. His foot thrust it out of his path.

"Hey, this ain't any place for baby toys. Keep that thing off the track, brother. It's liable to get run over."

"That's our entry," Oliver said mildly. Butch and his MacArthurs roared with

laughter. The Link dragged Oliver aside.

"He's got your super-scooter, you see if he hasn't. Wait till he takes that canvas off."

Every eye was watching as the MacArthurs uncovered their speed wagon for inspection by the judges. When the canvas rolled back with dramatic effect, there was a gasp and a scattering of admiring applause.

"What did I tell you?" the Link sputtered. "It's yours, isn't it, Ol?"

"Well, it does look like it," Oliver mused. "Yes, it does! Of course it's painted red now. And there are some new gadgets added. But it sure does look like my super-scooter."

The Link wriggled with excitement. "Protest it! Tell the judges how he stole it. We can prove it's yours—"

"No, Link," Oliver said slowly. "No, we're not going to do anything like that—"

"But, Ol, you're crazy if you don't. We can prove—"

"I know,"—Oliver's voice was patient—"We could get their scooter ruled off the track—get them thrown out, even—but that's no way to win a race. That isn't giving the audience anything for its money. We're here to race—"

"With what, I'd like to know?"

"Yes, what with?" a dozen Commandos echoed as one.

"Well," said Oliver, "we've got Adele's little wagon."

A groan greeted the suggestion.

Oliver's backbone stiffened. On a new note of authority he said, "I'm using the scooter. After I lose the race will be time enough for you to elect a new commander."

There were cheers for Butch Wilder's Red Dragon as it trundled to the starting line. There were cheers for the Fighting Lady. But when Baby Adele wobbled up, its roller skates protesting shrilly, there were catcalls and laughter.

"He's nuts, completely nuts," the Link groaned. "That's what comes of using your brain too hard!"

"Well, give him a cheer, anyhow," Adele cried. "He's out there dying for us, isn't he?"

But only Adele's shrill yip-yip-yippee was heard. Oliver acknowledged it with a wave of his hand.

Then the starting pistol popped.

Twice around the course was the order of the race, and from the start Butch Wilder and his Red Dragon were out ahead. Fighting Lady held on a stubborn second, but with little effort Butch widened the gap between

(Continued on page 176)

They'll Never Forget

BETTY HOW

Decorations by Iantha Armstrong



FAY and Philip Robinson live in Worcester, England, a city about the same size as Macon, Georgia. Their father is a carpet manufacturer, and they live in a nice house a few miles outside the city. Philip is 12 and goes to a boys' school near by; Fay is 14 and goes to a girls' boarding school.

A year ago Fay and Philip were 3,000 miles from Worcester. Their parents had sent them to the United States in 1945 when enemy bombs were falling all over England and when there was even danger of invasion. The two children stayed in the United States for over four years, in a small town in New York State near the Hudson River. They lived in an American home with American foster parents, went to American schools, made friends with American boys and girls and learned American customs. They even picked up some American slang!

Now they have been back in England for nearly a year. The other day we dropped in to see how they were getting along and to ask them how much they remembered of their life in the U.S.A.



Philip says he remembers the people best. He was only six years old when he landed in Halifax, Nova Scotia, on a raw and windy day in October, 1940. In fact, he celebrated his birthday on board the great grey liner which brought him across the ocean at a time when German submarines were torpedoing British ships right and left. Philip was pretty young, and a bit scared and homesick. "I don't think that I shall ever again receive so much kindness from perfect strangers as I did when I first arrived," he said, and Fay felt the same way for she remarked that "wherever we went, people were kind to us, really more than kind," and added that "they were interested in showing us and explaining to us the various sights and customs."



Fay, being older, remembered many little things which seemed strange when she first arrived. She remembered the train journey from Halifax to their New York home, for it was the first time she had slept in a Pullman berth. In England people rarely travel overnight because dis-

tances are so short, and the cars of the trains are made up of many separate little compartments seating six or eight passengers instead of long rows of seats as in the American cars. She remembered how hard it was to learn to eat mostly using only a fork instead of the

British way of using both knife and fork with every mouthful. She was amazed by the brilliant autumn coloring, so much more vivid than the fall coloring in England.

Fay and Philip agreed that they got along with their American friends very well as soon as they lost their first shyness. They learned to like the new American expressions which at first sounded so strange. In England Philip had been taught to say that he had had a "jolly" time when he had enjoyed some particular party or outing, but he soon found that "super" or "swell" were wonderful American expressions. He is still using them and has even taught them to his British schoolmates. Before he left England, he used to greet his father with "Hello, Daddy," but now Mr. Robinson doesn't look surprised when his son salutes him with a cheery "Hi-ya, pop!" though it took him a while to get used to it.



Philip found that all the American boys he met of his own age were very friendly, and Fay had the same experience with the boys and girls of her age, but, she said, "the girls seemed a bit older and the boys a bit younger, in comparison to English children."

They were particularly enthusiastic about American sports. They loved the crisp cold and the deep snow of American winters, something very rare in England. They learned to ski and skate, and they now miss not being able to do these things in England. They also miss not being able to go sailing over the snow in a big open sleigh or speeding downhill on their racing sleds.

In the summertime their foster parents used to take them sailing, and Philip learned how to handle a sailboat almost like an expert. He was also introduced to the great American sport of baseball, and could pitch or steal a base as well as any of his American pals before he left. Now he is coaching his British friends.



Fay had a little difficulty getting used to her American school, but she liked it after the first six months. She thought the standard of work was about the same, though she finds her English school a bit more strict. Philip, on

the other hand, remained loyal to his English school and has decided, after comparing the two systems, that his English school has a higher scholastic standard, perhaps because he has already started to study geometry, algebra, French and Latin.

Both of the children are impressed by how much smaller England seems to them since their return. They had become used to the bigness of America, and the length of time it takes to travel from one place to another. "Why, in America it takes days to go from the east coast to the west coast," said Philip. In England there is no place more than 100 miles from the sea.

They are getting used to the smaller amount of food there, too, but at first they found it hard not to have a large glass of orange juice for breakfast or a banana on their cereal. There is practically no fruit in England yet, just as there was none during the war. "And only one egg a month," wailed Fay, who used to have two for breakfast each morning back in New York.



"I miss the ice cream sodas and the hamburgers," said Philip. "And there aren't any 'cokes' over here," he added sadly.

But they manage to get enough to eat, even though food is rationed in England just as much as it was during the war. And so are clothes. It still takes precious ration coupons to buy even a handkerchief over there.

Philip and Fay, like thousands of other British youngsters transplanted to the U.S.A., are gradually settling down into their second new life in four years. Naturally they are delighted to be back with their parents once more. But they both hope that they will soon be able to come back to America for a visit. They want to bring their mother and father to show them all the wonderful things they still talk about in the land they think of as their second home.

Ott's Super-Scooter

(Continued from page 174)

them. The race was plainly in his hands.

Once around, and as Butch passed the judge's stand he could well afford to clown. Giving Red Dragon a burst of speed he heaved himself out of the bucket seat, up ended his legs and stood on his head. The roar of applause was deafening.

Entries were dropping by the wayside, con-

vinced of the uselessness of further trying. But Baby Adele, far behind, struggled on. Back again in his seat Butch turned to face Oliver, stuck out his tongue and, as a final insult, wiggled his fingers from both ears.

Then Butch's eyes bulged out of his head. Something happened to Baby Adele. The scooter was not running on roller skates any more. It was on two rubber-tired, ball bearing wheels set in line, bicycle fashion. The new wheels, retracted like the landing wheels of an airplane, had dropped down when Oliver pulled a lever.

Baby Adele was ripping up the distance between Oliver and Butch like a streak of lightning.

Butch did no more clowning. His large, ample feet dug up the cinder track as he put on speed. His face turned fiery red, and his puffing breath was plainly audible in the tense silence that held the crowd.

Halfway round the second lap, Baby Adele flashed past him. Again distance widened between them, but the lop-sided, packing box scooter that had concealed its secret so well was leading now and was leading by ten lengths when it crossed the finish line.

Commandos rushed to their commander and champion, eager to shake his hand and shout their congratulations. First to reach him was the Link.

"And I thought you'd gone crazy," he exclaimed.

Oliver grinned as he mopped his moist face.

"Sure," he agreed. "So did Butch. Sometimes it pays to let folks think you're crazy."

OUR MISTAKE!

In the January issue of the NEWS, we printed a series of fine pictures showing boys and girls of Lakeside School, Duluth, Minnesota, on a field trip to an open-pit iron mine in Virginia, Minnesota. Unfortunately we stated that the mine was in Richmond, Minnesota. Maybe our readers in geography classes will understand and forgive this mix-up.

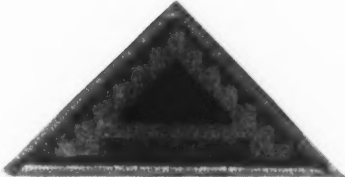
In addition we gave the idea that pig iron was smelted in Duluth—we were off-beam on that statement, too. In other words, it looks as if your editors had better go back to school and learn a few things.

The 100th Battalion Goes By

CAROLE ARNOLD

Illustrations by Weda Yap

On either side, insignia of the 7th Army of which the 100th Battalion is a part



THE bell in the Chinese laundry tinkled pleasantly, and Georgie Yen ran around the counter to hand out a bundle of white shirts to a customer. Georgie slipped the money the customer gave him into the drawer and smiled. He liked to work in the laundry while his father was away filling the large basket he carried to the crowded Washington market.

"You're a nice chap, my boy. How old are you?" asked the customer.

"Twelve," Georgie replied.

"Well, that's fine. I'd like to have you work for me some day."

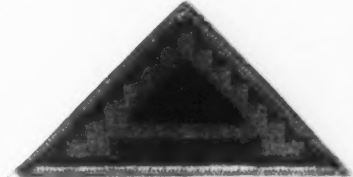
The unsuspecting customer picked up his bundle of clean linen and tinkled the little shop's bell once more on his way out, never suspecting that Georgie was at that very minute gloating over Nobuyo Nurashige's having to stay in after school. It had been so easy for Georgie to slip the carefully written English sentences out of Nobuyo's book as they marched into their classroom.

Georgie chuckled as he thought about it. He was determined to make life miserable for the frail little Japanese-American boy in his class. Georgie wished Cathryn, his oldest sister, was home so he could tell her the trick he had played on Nobuyo. But, as Georgie thought about Cathryn's return, his joy over getting Nobuyo in trouble changed to doubt, for Georgie did not believe his sister would like to see Nobuyo hurt. She would not even allow the little Yens to hurl sticks at the pigeons which fluttered around so in the city parks.

When the Yen family returned late that afternoon, they ate their rice in silence except for the click of the chopsticks against the bowl. Then Father Yen rose and said, "Here is picture of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek to hang on wall." The children looked on in silent admiration as the newspaper clipping was tacked up. "I shall save money for food for China," he continued.

Tommy, the oldest child of the patriotic Yens and a future United States Marine, said,

"Send the money you saved for our trip to China. It would serve China and save Georgie here from a trip to a country where, he says, 'There's nothing to do.'" By that Georgie had meant that China had no Sunday funnies and no cowboy movies.



Georgie thought of the way his father saved pennies and dimes for hungry China—coins which came from hard midnight ironing (sometimes two hundred shirts when they all worked) and of his uncle's family lost in the fall of Hong-Kong years ago. Georgie hated all Japanese as he remembered his family's sorrow and sacrifice for China. He searched for some new trouble to give them through Nobuyo, his nearest enemy.

The next day an opportunity came. Nobuyo, who had invested his few pennies at recess in an ice cream cone, found himself followed by a gang of children with Georgie as its leader.

"Gimme that cone," demanded Georgie. Nobuyo shrank away protestingly. "Give it to me," Georgie insisted, as he advanced on Nobuyo. Georgie gave Nobuyo a push and grabbed the cone. Nobuyo hit back.

"Look out," cried one of the children. "Here's the teacher." The boys tried to lose themselves in the crowd, but it was no use. She had seen them.

"Georgie and Nobuyo," she said, "come with me." The classroom seemed dark and dismal in contrast with the bright April sun on the playground. Georgie scowled at the floor and wished he had waylaid Nobuyo somewhere else. He shifted uneasily from one foot to the other as he recalled that this was not the first time Teacher had stopped their fighting.

"Can't I trust you two boys at all?" Miss Barnes asked. Georgie listened for Nobuyo to squeal about the other attacks. But Nobuyo was afraid—not of the teacher but of perils the teacher never saw. "Tell me," she continued, "why you are always fighting."

"He—he"—Nobuyo shuddered as he remembered the many little persecutions to which he



had been subjected—"jump on me, take my ice cream cone, and push my face." Georgie looked out the window; his black eyes were cold and hard.

"Georgie, is this true?" questioned Miss Barnes. Georgie did not answer. "You must be trying to start the war all over again. Don't you know, Georgie, that we won the war working together, Chinese-Americans, Japanese-Americans, and all good Americans together? There are good Americans and bad ones too, good Chinese and some not so good, and there are also good Japanese and bad ones. Nobuyo is no enemy of China. Why, when Japan first attacked China, Nobuyo was only five years old, not bigger than your little brother. You wouldn't want to hurt an innocent person, would you?"

Georgie listened as if he were almost persuaded. Then he concluded, "No, not if he weren't Japanese." As he stood there so stern and scornful of his classmate, he felt the teacher's sudden anger; he wondered what she would do to him.

"One more offense from you like this, and I will have to report you. This, as you know, is a very serious offense. Keep that in mind." Georgie looked at the floor. Then he heard Miss Barnes say, "You may go now."

Georgie paid attention to his teacher's warning for the month which followed. But he still hated Nobuyo.

Then one day the principal announced that the Quincy School students would march in the Memorial Day Parade. He instructed them very carefully about what they were to do and concluded, "After you proceed down Constitution Avenue to Seventeenth Street, stop and take your places to see the soldiers march by." The children clapped loudly at the idea of getting in the parade.

The holiday finally arrived; morning dawned fair and glorious. Georgie and Cathryn arrived early to join their friends. Of course, Nobuyo wisely waited until the teacher and the guards were there to protect him, though they failed to see Georgie try to trip Nobuyo as the classes took their position.

People and flags lined Constitution Avenue from the Archives Building to the Lincoln Memorial, and forty-eight small flags fluttered around the base of the Washington Monument when the parade began. The President with many high-ranking Army and Navy officials sat in the reviewing stand far down the Avenue. The children marched happily down the street and then broke ranks, scrambling gleefully for good places to see the soldiers and sailors who followed. Cathryn, with Georgie's assistance, pounced on an orange crate from which they would have a perfect view of the oncoming procession. On the other side of the teacher stood Nobuyo.

To the strains of "Anchors Aweigh," a regiment of white-capped sailors wearing campaign ribbons and battle stars swung down the Avenue, preceded by the shining Navy Band and a high-stepping drum major. The people cheered. "The Navy forever!" they shouted. Marines from Guadalcanal carried their banner and flag waving high in the breeze as echoes from "Stars and Stripes Forever" died down in the distance. Black eyes, blue eyes, brown eyes—round ones, slanted ones, too—all sparkled and shone in the sunlight. Georgie looked at Cathryn, and his heart warmed. He smiled up at her. "It's beautiful," she cried and clapped her hands. Tanks rumbled by. Fifth Army veterans marched proudly past the tumultuous crowd.

"Look, Nobuyo," Miss Barnes said, "here comes your famous 100th Infantry Battalion." Nobuyo's face gleamed.

The teacher next to Miss Barnes said, "Oh! That's the battalion which had more than 1,000 Purple Hearts, 44 Silver Stars, 31 Bronze

Stars, and nine Distinguished Service Crosses. Today's paper said three Legion of Merit Medals have also been awarded to members of the Unit, and fifteen of their men have received battlefield commissions after displaying outstanding leadership in combat. It's remarkable!"

Miss Barnes replied, "Yes, they fought on practically every front in Italy—first at Naples, then forty days in the front line at Cassino, then Anzio, and during the breakthrough to Rome. I hear there's never been a case of desertion or absence without leave in the 100th Battalion. They had two cases of 'reverse AWOL' when two soldiers left a field hospital before their wounds were healed and hitch-hiked back to their companies in battle."

The parade came to a halt. The soldiers marked time. Cathryn asked, "Why have they stopped, Miss Barnes?"

"Their commanding officer is being con-

gratulated by the President," answered the teacher.

"Oh, look,"—Nobuyo pointed excitedly at a soldier keeping time in the ranks near them—"There's my uncle from Honolulu! 'Go for Broke!' Hello, Uncle Kei!" At that point the men were declared "at ease" and, much to Georgie's amazement, the soldier turned around with a smile to see who knew the Regiment's slogan, meaning "give your all" or "shoot the works." Nobuyo's jumping and shrieking were very obvious. The sergeant smiled and waved. Georgie looked around at his sisters and friends; he could tell that they trusted these Japanese-American soldiers. Then he watched the men as they fell into step and spiritedly marched on. Things began to happen in Georgie's mind. Here were Japanese-American heroes. Georgie looked around at Nobuyo. One of these brave soldiers was Nobuyo's uncle. "Why," thought

Georgie, "Nobuyo's no different from me."

A familiar voice broke into his musings.

"Nobuyo, why don't you invite your uncle to visit our school? Wouldn't you children like to hear the sergeant talk about his experiences?"

"Yes! Oh, yes!" they chorused.

"Me, too," said Georgie humbly. He looked shyly at Nobuyo and smiled. Nobuyo smiled back.

The two boys turned back to look at the parade as white horses from Fort Myer marched by. Each rider carried a flag of the United Nations—the Union Jack, the flag of Russia, China's red flag with the blue square in the upper corner, all of them. Old Glory, majestic and alone, was last in line. The two boys, Chinese-American and Japanese-American, came to a brisk salute. As the music died down in the distance, two new oaths of allegiance were added to those already listed in the country's great history book by countless numbers of loyal citizens.



"Look, Nobuyo," Miss Barnes said, "here comes your famous 100th Infantry battalion"

On Vacation All Year Round

C. P. MOUNTFORD



Typical abo child

THE children of the world live under all kinds of conditions. Some, like those in Europe, are still passing through a period of great danger and hardship, while one cannot estimate the horror and fear that the little people of both China and Japan have suffered. Then there are the children in India and many other countries whose life, as soon as they are old enough to do any task, is filled with work from morning till night. Even among the youngsters in the United States and the British Dominions there are not many years of their life which are not taken up with school work. Adults sometimes try to make learning as easy and interesting as possible, but it is still hard work, as every child knows.

I am not going to tell you about any of these children, but about little dark people instead who have never had to live in fear of death raining from the skies, who do not work from dawn to dark to help their parents earn a living, who don't even have to go to school until they are almost grown up.

These children are the Australian aborigines, who live in the center of Australia, out in the desert country where there are very few waterholes and where food is hard to get.

Some folk like to talk about these little people as if they were savages, but nothing could be further from the truth. It has been my good fortune to have lived with these youngsters in this arid country and to have known them quite well. Each day a group of these delightful children sat around my campfire, and every time I went for a walk, some of them would come with me holding my hand, my clothing, or my wrist, chattering in their own tongue and pointing out and telling me about many things of their life of which I knew but little.

One of my first surprises came when it dawned upon me that the children were never corrected or punished. They just played in the creek bed, squatted in the sun, or went out gathering food in the form of small lizards, grubs, or the fruits from the trees. In fact they seemed to do just about as they

wished, and their parents did not seem to mind. Yet, in spite of their parents' lack of attention, the children were surrounded by all the affection and care that we could wish for any child. Everybody loved them and nobody scolded them.

One thing that may make occidental children envious of them is the fact that the aboriginal children don't have to go to school until they are about fourteen years of age, and then it is only the boys who go. Until they are married, the girls stay to help their mothers gather and cook food.

The boy, however, when his turn comes, has a long and very strenuous time ahead of him. He has to learn how to hunt and capture the shy desert creatures, so that later on, when he is completely grown up, he can provide food for his family. He also has to master the rules and laws of his tribe, and he has to memorize the sacred stories and the songs so well that he can recite them without a mistake. In that way, when he is an older man he will be able to train his own boys in the selfsame laws, songs and stories. The aborigines have no form of writing, so that everything must be learned faultlessly and without a mistake in order to pass it on to the next generation.

Naturally you children in the United States probably wonder what games the aborigine children play, for children the world over play games of some sort. You will be surprised to know that they have no competitive games, that is, no game where one is trying to beat the other or to excel, such as in baseball, football and tennis.

There is one amusement that the little abo girls play a great deal, and that is the game of "house"; *muni* they call it. For dolls they use the leaves of the gum tree, which they stick up in the sand, giving them names and making them act out various incidents. In this simple game, most of the incidents of everyday camp life are acted. By watching this game I learned a great deal about family life among these first families of Australia.

The boys never play this game; that would be as bad as an English or American boy playing with dolls. They had a far better game; at least, so they thought. They used

to form themselves into two groups about twenty yards apart, and one group would roll a disc of soft bark toward the others, who, armed with short wooden spears, would endeavor to spear it as it rolled past. The second group would return the disc to the first group, who would try their skill at transfixing

heard the news broadcast. One night I surreptitiously set up the camera to take a photograph of the little group, but when I fired the flashlight they were on their feet and away in an instant. Later I could hear them excitedly telling their parents that the *mamu* (devil) had come out of the box. They were



Left: Backs of the supercilious camels are lined with little brown children. Below: Abo child with puppies

The explorer who wrote this story found that it was necessary to use camels to reach the heart of the Australian desert

the piece as it rolled past. Every day they played this game for hours, the shrill shouts of applause telling me when someone had scored a hit.

This is an excellent method of training the boys in speed of hand and eye, so that when they are grown men they will be able to spear the rapidly moving kangaroo and emu.

But a great deal of the time they do not play any organized games; they just run about climbing trees, digging out a few wood grubs, searching for other fragments of food, or sitting in the sand of the creek bed, singing their primitive but attractive songs.

Aboriginal children are very hardy little folk, and never complain about the difficulties of travel. On one expedition they walked beside my camel string all day long for months. Sometimes I gave them a ride on my camel. It was a lovely sight to see the supercilious camel with his back absolutely lined with little brown children. How they hung on was more than I ever made out, but they did, and enjoyed the ride immensely.

Ordinarily they were not especially interested in our European gadgets, but our radio did intrigue them greatly. They could not make out how a box could talk. They would sit around in little groups after we had had our evening meal, and would listen while we



somewhat scared of the wireless set after that, and I was sorry that I had given them such a fright.

I have the happiest of memories of these lovely children and their utter friendliness. For they knew not punishment or ill treatment; their quick smiles and merry ways endeared them to all the members of our party. When I see our own children slaving away in school during the hours of sunlight and often into the night, my mind goes back to those happy, brown, naked children, playing in the sunlight of the sandy creek beds of Central Australia.

Ideas on the March



Serving Those Who Served

THE Australian Junior Red Cross

New Horizons



SUMMER vacation gives extra time in which to think of others. Newark, New Jersey, has reported a community service project which holds possibilities for many Junior Red Cross members in or out of school. These boys and girls have set out to make friends with children who are unable to get out to play or off to school. "Homebound" children, they are called. A few of the ways in which Junior Red Cross members are helpful include sending small remembrances for each holiday and birthday; giving shut-in children library service by taking books and returning them; in the same way, taking them magazines for the making of scrapbooks and for home study; and visiting them with a quiet game to play.

The homebound children join the Junior Red Cross of Newark and read the Junior Red Cross magazines. The Junior Red Cross office keeps a list of the children and, whenever one of them moves or transfers into a new district, the school in that district is notified.

"New Havens" Needed



SOME years ago the New Haven, Connecticut, Junior Red Cross developed instructions for making knitted bed socks, designed as gifts for the Red Cross women workers who were going overseas. The New Haven Junior Red Cross produced the majority of the socks used for this purpose, and the name "New Haven" was therefore given by National Headquarters to all bed socks made according to the New Haven pattern.

It has now been decided to send shipments of these socks overseas to European children. The original instructions make the socks suitable for children eleven years old and older since socks have the greatest warmth when they are the least stretched. The socks may be made of one color or of mixed colors. Instructions are now available for making New Havens for younger children. If your Junior Red Cross chairman does not have a copy, write your area office for them.

through acts of service and self-denial is making possible four homes for delicate children of servicemen. The most recently acquired home is "Kippilaw," which is located where bracing mountain air helps the youngsters get well and strong.

In order to support this project Australian Junior Red Cross members undertake many different and ingenious ways of earning money. In Australia the various Junior Red Cross groups are called "Circles." The *Junior Red Cross Record*, which is their magazine, tells about some of these things which boys and girls do to help. Tuckshops is their name for candy shops. Many circles conduct tuckshops with a good profit. Others arrange concerts, back yard shows, shell shows and so on, to which they charge admission. They sell comics, rabbit skins, stamps, vegetables, garden seeds, seedlings, flowers, handicrafts, eggs, milk, cream and honey. A six-year-old boy planted corn and sold the ears for his donation. One circle, in a town where there is a dehydrator for the drying of potatoes for the Army, decided to provide lunches and morning



Junior Red Cross members of Olinda, Australia, gather and sell daffodils to make money for their enrollment drive



WAR ON WASTE



COMMUNITY SERVICE



NATIONAL CHILDREN'S FUND



SCHOOL CORRESPONDENCE

tea for the Army staff in order to earn money for their work.

Need—Unlimited



"THE American Junior Red Cross medical chests sent to Dutch hospitals are so valuable they're invaluable, if you get what I mean." These words are from Claudius Webster, who is an American Red Cross civilian relief representative in Holland.

"When you have one thermometer for ninety people, a half handful of safety pins for a children's ward, and one pair of scissors in the whole hospital—you can scarcely imagine what such a medical chest means to a hospital staff."

Besides thermometers, safety pins and scissors, the chests contain medicine droppers, adhesive plaster, bandages, DDT powder, combs, aspirin, boric acid and nineteen other items. Such things cannot be bought at any price today in Holland, Mr. Webster says.

Approximately 500 of these chests were presented to the Netherlands Red Cross by the American Junior Red Cross this winter. These 500 chests are a part of the gift made to eight different countries at a cost of \$245,000 of National Children's Fund money.

Ours and Theirs



ON MEMORIAL DAY, as a part of their year's work in Junior Red Cross, students of Waiakeawaena School, Hilo, Hawaii, decorate the graves of United States soldiers who are buried in Homelani National Cemetery.

Two teachers and a student representative for each class visit the cemetery to do the work. Their last report read, "We know that the families of the men who gave their lives will be happy to know that our school and

TO ΠΕΡΙΟΔΙΚΟ

ΤΟΥ ΕΛΛΗΝΙΚΟΥ ΕΡΥΘΡΟΥ ΣΤΑΥΡΟΥ ΝΕΟΤΗΤΟΙ



Front cover design from recent issue of Greek Junior Red Cross magazine shows forest conservation project

other schools paid tribute to the memory of these honored dead."

A New Job for Clowns



AN ANNUAL project of the Violet Hill

School, Spring Garden Township, York, Pennsylvania, is to make May Day favors for the children in the York Hospital.

Recently they cut small clowns from construction paper. These were dressed in different colored suits with gay decorations. A handkerchief was inserted in the May Day greeting card each clown was holding.

To You and You and You



JUNIOR RED CROSS members of Rich-

land County, Wahpeton, North Dakota, received the following letter from Station Hospital, Sheppard Field, Texas:

"Thank you very much for the attractive Mother's Day Cards. The Gray Ladies took them out to the wards, and the men were so happy to be able to send cards. They were extremely grateful for the thoughtfulness of the members of the Junior Red Cross. May we thank you again for remembering the men in Station Hospital?"

Hearts That See



THAT boys and girls in the class for the blind at the Thirty-second street elementary school in Los Angeles like to give, is demonstrated by the fine program of Junior Red Cross activities which they report. They mount crossword puzzles, make small wooden games including checkers and checker boards, construct cartoon and joke books, tray favors and Christmas ornaments. They also knit—and speaking of knitting, John Mavis of that school made a whole afghan himself.



BICYCLE CORPS



PRODUCTION FOR
THE ARMED FORCES



GIFT BOXES



VICTORY GARDENS

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

VOL. 27

MAY, 1946

NO. 8

National Officers of the American Red Cross

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HARLAN FISKE STONE	Vice-President
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The American Junior Red Cross is the American Red Cross in the schools.



Japanese-American Junior Red Cross members in Hawaii enjoy Red Cross Water Safety class

Aloha, Miss Henderson

HAVE YOU enjoyed the suggestions on the **CALENDAR** each month? If so, you will be sorry to learn that Miss Ruth Evelyn Henderson, author of the **CALENDAR** and **GUIDE FOR TEACHERS** for twenty-two years, is leaving the American Junior Red Cross. Writing the **Calendar** each month has been only one part of her versatile and devoted service. We know that American Junior Red Cross members far and wide will join with us in saying to her, "Aloha"—which means "Hello" and "Good-bye" and "Our Very Best Wishes."

What Does UNRRA Do?

THE WORD UNRRA stands for United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Adminis-

tration, an organization of forty-seven governments joined together to help people in the war-ruined countries help themselves. UNRRA operates like a big Community Chest. Member governments, like the United States, Great Britain and the South American countries, who have been lucky enough to escape enemy invasion, each contribute to UNRRA according to their national incomes. These contributions buy the food, clothing, medicines and other supplies for the wrecked countries who have no way of paying for the things they need. Nations which have asked for and are receiving aid from UNRRA include Greece, Yugoslavia, Italy, Albania, Poland, Czechoslovakia, the two invaded USSR Republics—Byelorussia and the Ukraine, Austria, Hungary, Finland, China, Korea, the Philippines.

Everyone who has had a chance to see what conditions are like in those countries agrees that the whole job of taking care of the sick, homeless and hungry people is so big that no one agency or organization can possibly do it all. In many countries Red Cross and UNRRA workers stand side by side when it comes to giving out some of the new healing drugs or setting up a feeding project for school children.

A large portion of the things people need is coming from the United States. For months UNRRA has been shipping thousands of items from our farms and factories. Every day several boats clear U. S. ports for Europe and the Far East. Other countries are also furnishing goods, too. Wheat is coming from Canada as well as from this country, mules from Mexico, sugar from Cuba, and wool from New Zealand.

Boatloads of UNRRA flour make a difference. Italy and China both need coal to get their own factories going again, yet how can coal miners work when they are out desperately hunting for food to keep their children alive? UNRRA workers report that when wheat arrives and is rationed to families in the mining communities, they go back to work and the coal starts rolling.

In addition to sending food overseas to keep people alive until the next harvest, UNRRA is helping farmers overseas by furnishing them with seeds, work horses, dairy cattle, fertilizer, hand tools and farm machinery so that they can produce larger amounts of food for their own people. The story which begins on the opposite page tells how a tractor sent by UNRRA helped people in Yugoslavia last spring.

The Flying Tractor

Mary D. Mack

Pictures by Harry Goff

YOU have heard of flying jeeps and flying tanks, but this is the story of a little tractor who wanted to fly. It began over a year ago while the war was still going on.

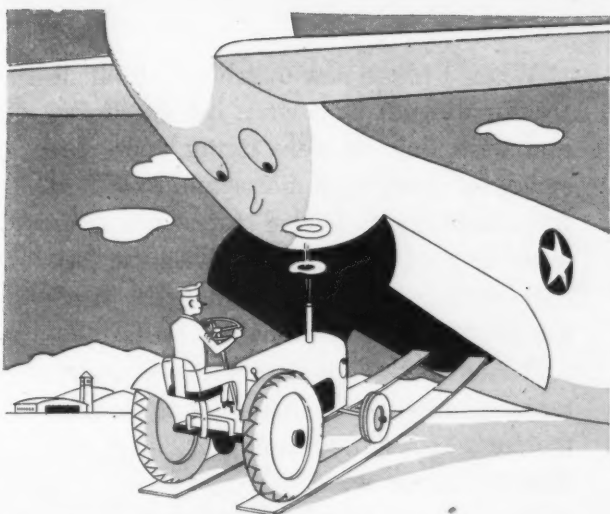
Brrrrrrr—rrrat went the riveting machine in a big factory where the little tractor was being made. He was rolling down an assembly line on the side of the room, and a big Army tank was rolling down an assembly line on the other side of the room. Someone pulled a switch. All the noise in that part of the factory stopped. Then both the tank and the tractor were driven to the loading platform.

"We seem to have reached the end of the line here. Wonder what happens to us next?" said the little tractor.

"What happens to me is a military secret," said the tank. "I can't tell you where I'm going, but I shall probably have to cross water and fly over mountains to get there," he added in a *very* superior tone.

"Did you say 'fly'?" asked the little tractor.

"I did. Flying is the fastest way to get anywhere. We tanks are always in a hurry. We've important work to do," he said as he bristled his guns. "Soldiers need us to help them drive the enemy out of the land so that the hungry boys and girls can play and be happy again."



"Come on, come on," said the big plane. "What are you waiting for?"

"What are those things sticking out from your sides?"

"Those are my guns."

"They are very becoming," ventured the little tractor; "I hope they'll put some on me."

"What! Guns on you," laughed the big tank. "Not you. Why, you're only a tractor. You won't need guns where you're going. You'll have plenty of time to get there. You mustn't expect to fly."

Poor little tractor, he did wish he were important enough to fly. But by this time the testing specialist had his motor going and was driving him lickety-cut across a field.

As he was plowing a furrow in one end of the testing ground, the little tractor did a very wise and brave thing. He made up his mind that, even if he could never be a tank and wear guns, he would be the best kind of a tractor he knew how to be. So he dug his plow deeper into the moist rich earth of the testing ground, and dreamed of the time when he would be helping raise food for hungry people.

When a plane flew overhead, the little tractor did not stop what he was doing and wish that he were flying, too. Instead, he cleared his motor and executed the nicest right-angled turn you ever saw. A man was standing with the factory superintendent, watching the tractor go through the turns and tests.

"Good work," said the man as he listened to the chug, chug, chug of the tractor's stout little motor. "Just the kind of tractor we need."

Then the superintendent walked up and placed a tag on the little tractor's left hind fender.

"O.K.," he said to the workman; "crate him up."

Try as he would, the little tractor couldn't read the letters on the tag. You see, he had no turret to turn. But even if he couldn't read the tag, you can, because here is a picture of it:

UNRRA
Cairo, Egypt

If the little tractor had been able to read his tag, and if he had known what the letters UNRRA stood for, he might not have been so surprised at the things that started happening to him. (In case you don't know what UNRRA stands for, there's an explanation of it on the editorial page of this issue.)

The next thing that the little tractor knew, he was crated up and put in a truck, and then on a train. When the train stopped, the little tractor was taken out of the freight car and left on a dock with several other pieces of machinery and many piles of boxes and bales. All these things seemed to be waiting their turn to be loaded into one of several large

ships waiting in the harbor near by.

Next to him was his friend the tank.

"Hello," said the tank. "What are you doing here?"

"Somebody put a tag on me, and here I am," said the tractor.

"There must be some mistake. This is where they load stuff for overseas shipment," the tank explained. "Out there, that's the ocean—the Atlantic Ocean."

One boat had already slipped away from the wharf and started down the bay, followed by friendly sea gulls who kept screeching, "Be careful, look out for submarines!" The tank and tractor watched until it was out of sight.

It grew dark. A cold wind started blowing up the bay. Big flood lights were turned on; they lighted up the dock and the ship, and the piles of stuff to be loaded. Even though it was getting late, loading operations had to go on, for all the ships were going to slip away from the shore that night. A big crane rolled up to where the tank and the tractor stood side by side on the dock.

"You're next," said the crane to the tank. He picked him up in his huge jaws, swung him over the ship, and lowered him into the hold. Then he took the little tractor and swung him into the hold, too. The little tractor was packed tight against some bales of cotton on one side and some boxes marked "ammunition" on the other. He was tired, it was dark inside the hold, and he soon went to sleep. He slept and dozed for many days and nights. Sometimes he would wake up and feel the rocking motion of the boat, and then he would drift off to sleep again.

Finally the motion stopped and at last

the hold of the big ship was opened. Bright sunlight flooded the inside. The little tractor blinked. The sun shone through the slats in his crate and warmed his metal sides.

The first thing he saw was the tank who snorted, "They'll discover the mistake when they go to unload you and send you back. Me? I'm off to the airport; I'm flying to the next stop. So long."

With that, the big tank was placed on an Army truck and driven away.

The little tractor was one of the last things to be moved. "Get out all the military equipment first," said a uniformed man bossing the job. "No hurry for the tractor. He won't be needed until the fighting stops. Send him to the warehouse when you get around to it."

And that's where the tractor went. Sometimes he could hear the big Army transport planes flying overhead. Other days, he remembered the feel of the moist earth in his plow. He knew it must be getting on toward the spring of the year—planting time.

"And here I am just sitting inside my crate in this stuffy old warehouse."

Then one day a man with a red shoulder patch, on which the letters U-N-R-R-A appeared, came in with several others.

"Here's the tractor, all ready to go," he said.

"Do you think we can make it?" someone asked.

"Yes, if we get him off today."

"There will just be time," said another. "Uncrate him." Before the little tractor could so much as give a single twist of his front wheels, he was out of his crate and aboard an Army truck, driven through the town at a fast pace, preceded by a police siren, to the airport.

"Wheeeeeeeeeee!" echoed the little tractor. "I've never traveled like this before."

An Air Transport Command plane circled above, came in for a landing, opened up its side door and shouted, "Come on, come on, what are you waiting for?"

"Who, me?" said

the little tractor.

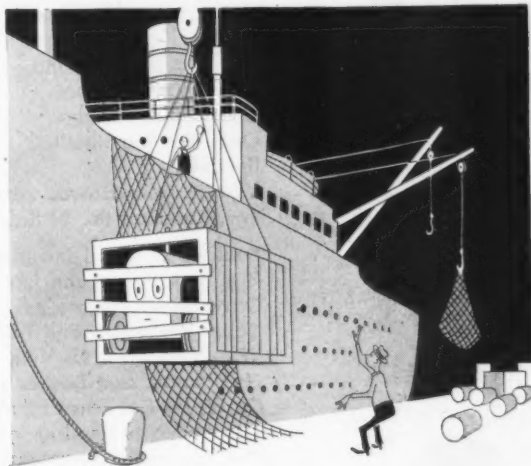
"Yes, you," said the big ATC plane. "There's no time to spare. Get aboard."

"Clankety, clank, clank, clank," said the little tractor as he was driven up a ramp into the inside of the great plane. The door swung shut and locked, and in three minutes the plane was up in the air.

"Yowie!" said the little tractor. "Who said tractors don't fly?"

The plane flew across the Mediterranean, up the Adriatic over two mountain ranges to Belgrade in Yugoslavia. A crowd of boys and girls, men and women, and young men in ragged uni-

(Continued on page 190)



The crane swung the little tractor into the hold



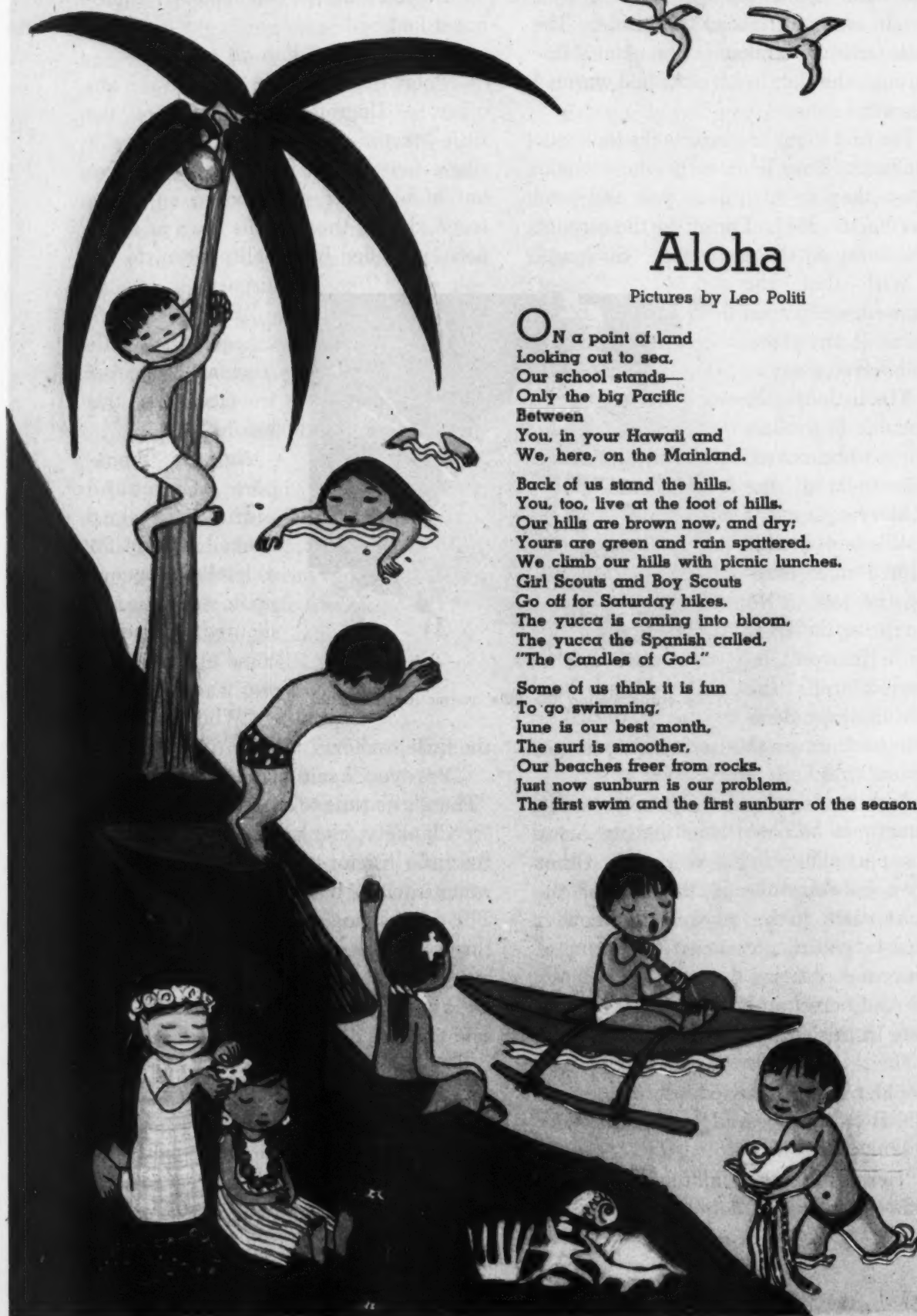
Aloha


Pictures by Leo Politi

ON a point of land
Looking out to sea,
Our school stands—
Only the big Pacific
Between
You, in your Hawaii and
We, here, on the Mainland.

Back of us stand the hills.
You, too, live at the foot of hills.
Our hills are brown now, and dry;
Yours are green and rain spattered.
We climb our hills with picnic lunches.
Girl Scouts and Boy Scouts
Go off for Saturday hikes.
The yucca is coming into bloom,
The yucca the Spanish called,
"The Candles of God."

Some of us think it is fun
To go swimming,
June is our best month,
The surf is smoother,
Our beaches freer from rocks.
Just now sunburn is our problem.
The first swim and the first sunburn of the season.





Down in the canyons,
On either side of us,
Are grand places to dig caves.
Sometimes we find bones and things,
Left there by Early California Indians.

Who lived there and
Looked toward Hawaii
Long before there was a
Pacific Palisades School.

The city of Santa Monica
Is just a little way
Down the coast from us.
We go there with our mothers,
Or on a bus, if we're big enough,
To a movie, or shopping, or
To have our teeth straightened.

We're busy people here on the Mainland.
We think of you being busy in Hawaii.
We're both learning our common language,
Playing our common games.
We can't see each other
But we're playing on the same team.
Playing and working together,
We'll realize our American dreams.

We send you our greetings
Hawaii—
Hello, friends.

—This message composed by children in the Pacific Palisades School, Los Angeles, California, was sent in an album from them to Junior Red Cross members in the Likelike School, Honolulu, Hawaii.

The Flying Tractor

(Continued from page 187)

forms were at the landing field. It hadn't been very long since they had driven the last of the Nazis out of their land. Many of the men and boys still carried rifles. They cheered when they saw the tractor driven down the ramp of the plane.

"Hurry, hurry, hurry," they shouted. "To the farm lands! To the corn lands! There is much work to be done."

Again an Army truck took over the job. After the truck had been on the road several hours, it stopped at the edge of a field. More people were waiting to welcome the little tractor there.

"Three or four weeks more we have for the planting of corn. After that the land will not give corn enough to feed a single Yugoslav," said one of the older men. "The Nazis have taken our animals, our young men and our tools. They left us no time to plow our land. Without the little tractor, we could never get our soil ready for spring planting."

The little tractor worked all that day. In the evening people came out from the village with torches, so he could plow a little longer. When one driver was tired, another took his place, but the little tractor didn't stop to rest. He kept on turning up the good rich black earth. He worked for thirty days and a good part of thirty nights.

The boys and girls watched him while he worked. They

followed him, putting the seed corn in the ground, heaping up small hills of earth around the kernels. While they worked, they sang a song about the planting of grain. It was an old, old song, but the tractor joined in after his own fashion.

During that first spring, with the help of the little tractor, the people of the village planted enough corn to feed thousands of boys and girls.

One day when the tractor's work was done, he chugged over to a corner of a field where the children liked to play. There, much to his surprise, he found his old friend, the Army tank. A hole had been shot in his side, but the children had placed a garland of flowers over his gun turret.

"He is our hero," they said. "He helped the Partisan soldiers drive the Nazis from our land."

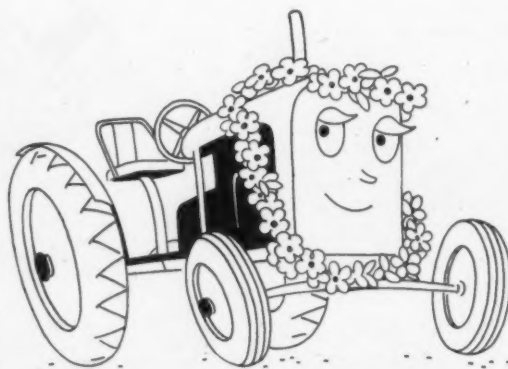
"But you're our hero, too," said a little girl with big brown eyes, as she hugged the little tractor's wheel.

"We have two heroes," the children said. "The big tank brought us freedom from fear. But, without the little tractor's help, we never should have been able to plant our corn this year. He is bringing us freedom from want."

Then the big tank turned his turret and looked at the happy little tractor. "Well, mow me down, how did *you* ever get here?"

"I flew," said the little tractor.

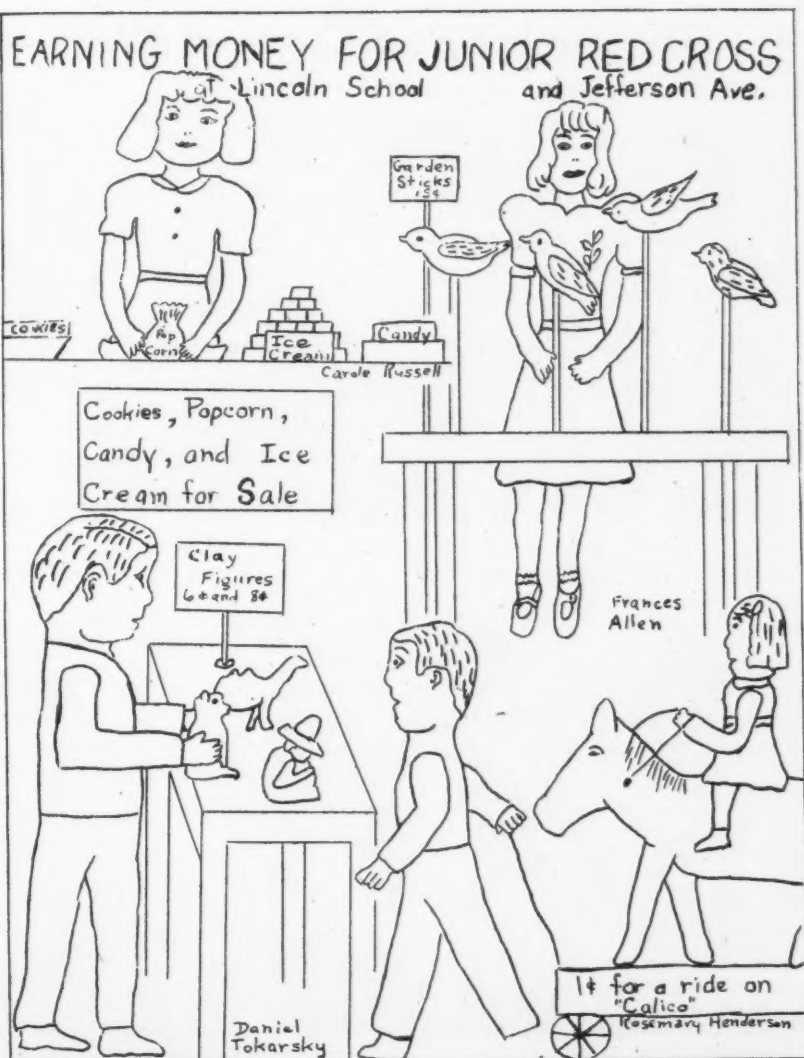
And then the children hung flowers on him, too.



The children hung flowers on him, too

AT THIS time of year many schools are making generous contributions to the National Children's Fund. On this page is a drawing of ways in which one school earned its contribution. We hope that other schools will send us drawings of the ways in which they raise money.

At left below, members of Friends' School, Washington, D. C., carefully count up the funds they have earned. In the lower right hand corner, Yugoslav children at an UNRRA camp try out Junior Red Cross educational supplies sent by the National Children's Fund.



The Junior Red Cross at Work in Hawaii



"May Day is lei-day in Hawaii." These Junior Red Cross members have made many to sell



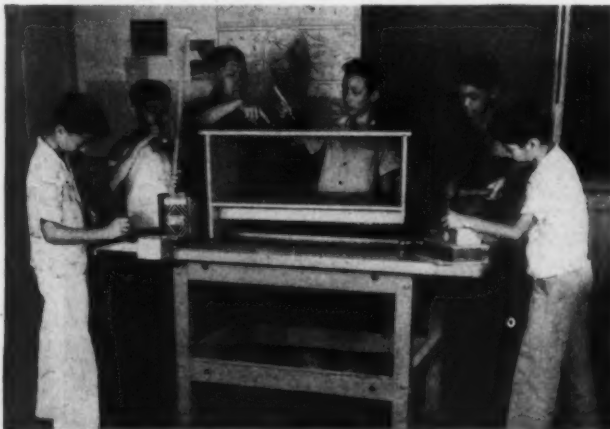
Stripping lauhala to make slippers and napkin rings for men in service keeps this class busy



Boys make toys for children in liberated Pacific islands who have had no toys for years



Other members load station wagon with articles for hospitalized servicemen

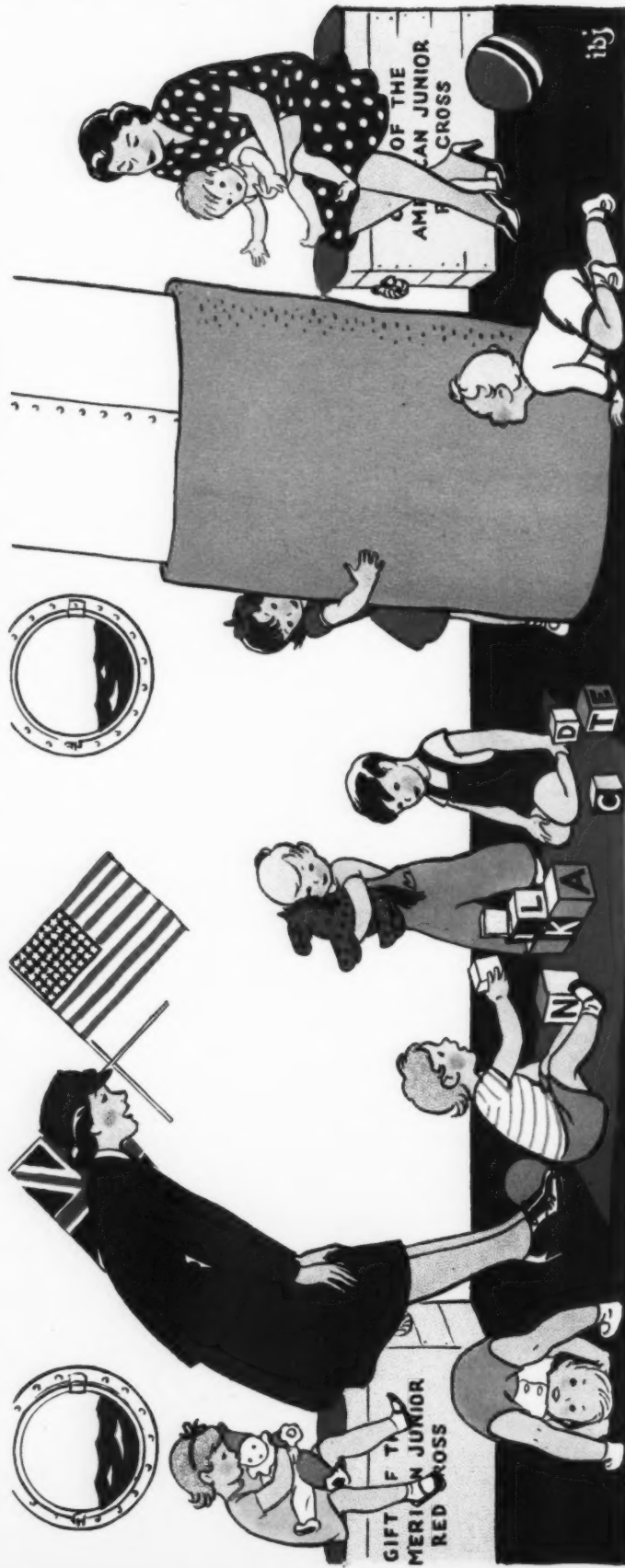


Manual arts products are made in response to requests received by the Junior Red Cross



These varicolored candy cups brighten hospital trays of servicemen in the Pacific

✚ AN ACTIVITIES CALENDAR ✚



A GOOD YEAR OF SERVICE

School Closes

Plan an exhibit to illustrate ways your school has served through your Junior Red Cross; *for instance:* gifts for service men, community service, international and intercultural activities.

In language classes compose captions to explain your exhibit; *for instance:* "Victory Came; Service Continues."

FOR YOUNG HOME-COMERS

ON MORE THAN 20 SHIPS BRINGING HOME CHILDREN OF SERVICE MEN AND OF REPATRIATED CIVILIANS, THE NURSERIES WERE EQUIPPED WITH JUNIOR RED CROSS PLAYTHINGS. SOME OF THE NURSERY TOYS WERE MADE BY JUNIOR RED CROSS MEMBERS IN SCHOOL. OTHER THINGS WERE BOUGHT BY YOUR NATIONAL CHILDREN'S FUND: TEA-TIME DISHES, COLOR BOOKS AND CRAYONS, RATTLES, PLASTIC BALLS, TEething RINGS, NEST BLOCKS, MUSICAL BLOCKS AND OTHER WOODEN TOYS, GAMES, PICTURE AND STORY

A GOOD VACATION FOR ALL

Fun in Serving

Ask your Junior Red Cross sponsor to find out whether there will be a summer center where members can meet.

Your Junior Red Cross chairman can secure from the Board of Education names of children coming home from special schools. Think of ways you can help them to feel at home in the community.

BOOKS AND CRAYONS, KITTLES, PLASTIC BALLS, TEETH-
ING RINGS, NEST BLOCKS, MUSICAL BLOCKS AND
OTHER WOODEN TOYS, GAMES, PICTURE AND STORY
BOOKS.

ions to explain your exhibit, for
instance: "Victory Came; Service
Continues"

Your National Children's Fund

As part of your exhibit display the pictures and captions from this year's *Calendar*. Review all eight issues of the *News* for reports on National Children's Fund projects.

Prepare a placard for your exhibit to show the public how the American Junior Red Cross worked at world problems. Make your placard interesting by pictographs or other devices.

"Fitness for Service"

Take a health inventory of your class. How have the members improved in "health of mind and body" during this school year? How many inches have you grown? How many pounds have you gained? What other good health practices have you learned to keep? What ways have you learned to help at home, making it a more healthful place for the whole family?

YOUNG MEMBERS, FIGURE OUT THE TOTAL GROWTH AND TOTAL GAIN IN WEIGHT FOR YOUR ROOM.

Last Minute Reminders

Are you making Memorial Day gifts for hospitals and other public homes? Are you making Fourth of July favors and gifts for your chapter office to forward to hospitals?

Accidents That Will Not Occur

Be smarter than inanimate objects that cause accidents. Look things over at home and places where you play to dis-

1946 MAY 1946						
Sun.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Fri.	Sat.
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

cover potential hazards. Work with your families and others in correcting them.

Examine your own habits for potential hazards to yourselves and others. Cooperate with guardians of public safety in making your neighborhood safe.

Fires That Never Got Started

Are you vacationing in the country? Many woods fires are started by town people who are ignorant about the country. Decide together on ways that each of you can help protect our forests.

YOUNG MEMBERS, WRITE A STORY ABOUT SMOKEY. WHAT IS BIG SMOKEY TEACHING LITTLE SMOKEY ABOUT FOREST FIRES? MAKE UP A READING LESSON FOR LITTLE SMOKEY.

ing, none from special schools. Think of ways you can help them to feel at home in the community. Perhaps you can have occasional informal parties or playdays.

Are there new-comers in your neighborhood whom you can invite to playgrounds or to your chapter Junior Red Cross work-room?

Are there home-bound children convalescing from sickness for whom you can provide entertainment? Ask your Junior Red Cross chairman to find out what is needed and how you can help.

YOUNG MEMBERS, WRITE A LETTER FOR THE JUNIOR RED CROSS IN THE ROOM THAT YOU GRADUATE FROM. TELL THE NEW MEMBERS WHAT YOU DID. GIVE GOOD ADVICE BASED ON YOUR EXPERIENCE THIS YEAR.

The Special Touch

Members who can work together can make an afghan for children. As a special touch cross-stitch animals in some of the squares.

Seventh and eighth graders might make "New Havens" for children of Europe. Invite some expert knitter to supervise and check your work.

Assemble materials for scrapbooks. As a special touch, label each set to show for what age children you planned the book and what topic it is about. If you finish the scrapbook yourself, plan each page thoughtfully to make it simple, entertaining and artistic.

AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS

A Guide for Teachers

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The May News in the Schools

Classroom Index

Art:

"Vacation Tree" (front cover); illustrations

General Science:

"The Friendly Forest," "The Flying Tractor," "Ott's Super-Scooter" (or is this pseudo-science?)

Geography:

Australia—"On Vacation All Year Round," "Ideas on the March"

England—"They'll Never Forget"

U. S. A.—"The Friendly Forest," "Ott's Super-Scooter," "They'll Never Forget," "The 100th Battalion Goes By," "The Flying Tractor"

Yugoslavia—"The Flying Tractor"

And Other Countries—"What Does UNRRA Do?" "Ideas on the March"

Industrial Arts (junior high school):

"The Friendly Forest," "Ott's Super-Scooter," "The Flying Tractor"

Literature:

"Ott's Super-Scooter," "The 100th Battalion Goes By," "The Flying Tractor," "Aloha"

Primary Grades:

"The Flying Tractor," "Aloha," "Vacation Tree," illustrations

Units:

Conservation of Life, Health and Property—"The Friendly Forest," "Woodland Ramble," "What Does UNRRA Do?" "They'll Never Forget," "The Flying Tractor"

Forest Fire Prevention—"The Friendly Forest"

For Fun—"Ott's Super-Scooter"

Invention—"The Flying Tractor," "Ott's Super-Scooter"

Intercultural and International—"They'll Never Forget," "What Does UNRRA Do?" "On Vacation All Year Round," "Ideas on the March," "The Flying Tractor"

Primitive Living—"Vacation All Year Round"

"Swords Into Ploughshares"—"The Flying Tractor"

The Braille Edition

The braille edition includes in braille grade 1½ from the *Junior Red Cross News*, "The 100th Bat-

alion Goes By," "What Does UNRRA Do?" "Ideas on the March;" in braille grade 2 from the *Junior Red Cross Journal*, "Figure It Out For Yourself," "Land of Opportunity."

Education in Emergencies

On the opposite page you will find an outline of the broader phases of the Junior Red Cross program. In the rapid expansion of membership and program during recent years there has been more original expression through Junior Red Cross than at any time. There has also been marked improvement in the artistic quality of school production.

The record indicates that emergency pressures had a part in the creative variety and the improved quality of products. Teachers guided their pupils in responding to the actuality of need on the part of service men and of child sufferers from the war. The schools proved that pupils could play a real part in meeting real needs.

The disastrous aftermath of war continue to erupt in emergencies; and your Junior Red Cross will from time to time still draw on your resourcefulness to help in meeting emergency needs. The specific items asked for will be announced to you as far ahead as possible through chapter Junior Red Cross leaders, through communications from the area headquarters and through national headquarters publications. Sometimes weeks must be spent in planning and clearing an activity that, when finally released, may have an effect of abruptness.

Were there no such unnatural disasters as war, emergencies would still be created by hurricane or tempest to interrupt our best laid plans. Such interruptions can be turned to purpose in education, one desirable result of which is a capacity to cope flexibly and efficiently with the unexpected.

Creative teaching develops ability to meet emergencies. The animate human material with which a teacher works has an unpredictable quality that amounts to daily emergency. Classroom patterns must have fluidity. The more thoughtful planning ahead that is now particularly desirable must permit greater, not less, adaptation to the growth needs of children but should not lose the values discovered in emergency inspirations.

It's Been Fun Knowing You!

As your co-workers, the American Junior Red Cross staff will continue to offer you all possible assistance in such planning. It is a satisfying experience to write for a clientele that comprises a majority of teachers in the schools of the United States. No other audience we firmly believe, is as representative of the best in our democracy—literate in understanding, and devoted in idealism.

Your Junior Red Cross Next Year

Partnership in Planning

The desire of many teachers to chart their classroom plans further ahead than during the war years is based on realization of children's need for renewed security and steadiness. It is due also to a teacher's own need to plan creatively in terms of long distance goals.

The following recapitulation of larger Junior Red Cross projects is offered again, as a memorandum to help teachers still new to Junior Red Cross work, in planning ahead for service activities through which social attitudes and habits may be developed.

International Projects:

Service Through the National Children's Fund—Earning contributions to the National Children's Fund can be timed in relation to appropriate units. Information about children of the countries affected may be collected from current and past issues of the Junior Red Cross magazines and other periodicals. Although uses of the Fund vary with current opportunities to help meet the terrific need, the value of participation is constant.

Gift Boxes as an Expression of Good-will and Sympathy—The contents of Gift Boxes may be modified slightly as indicated by changing circumstances. But the problems involved can be placed in your advance plans such as understanding of the circumstances that make Gift Boxes desirable, choosing from the approved list, earning money, and selecting contents like intelligent consumers.

Temporary Projects—Making soft toys, cooperating in high school production of garments for overseas relief and other occasional projects can be connected with study of the problems of establishing peace.

International School Correspondence—Advice about general procedures in making letter booklets or school correspondence albums is available now through your chapter and area headquarters. The latest information about specific outlets, which change from month to month, will be available at the time you actually begin work on this project. A place can be assigned for it in your plans for fall or winter terms.

National Projects:

Intersectional Correspondence—This can be introduced as a reason for study of the home community and as a means of inquiring about comparable or contrasting sections of our own nation. School correspondence both international and intersectional draws on and develops language and art skills and, importantly, social studies understanding.

Gifts and Favors for Hospitalized Service Men—Production for this purpose will remain an important national production project. Lists to use in fine and applied arts may be requested before schools close this spring and supplemented next year to meet new developments.

Toys for Special Groups—There will be need for toys made to meet the specific needs of young children in schools for the blind or of other physically handicapped children. For opportunities beyond chapter jurisdiction plans can be made with the area offices.

Community Service:

Conservation Problems—In the Junior Red Cross the most important conservation activity is participation with the senior Red Cross in the United States Forest Service program of preventing forest, woods and range fires. Conservation also has a dramatic relationship to disaster relief. Although the problems are of national significance their solution is dependent on community education.

Partnership in Red Cross Chapter Programs—Acquaintance with Red Cross service in the community may furnish a lead for study of community resources and for a wholesome cooperation of adults and youth.

Red Cross Health Programs:

Materials and instruction may be drawn on through the Red Cross chapter as resources to enrich health and safety education. The Junior Red Cross motive of "health of mind and body to fit us for better service" can be applied consistently in habit building and understanding. Social motivation is strengthened by relating personal health motives to service activities in behalf of children overseas and at home.

Use of Junior Red Cross Materials:

The cumulative value of the *Junior Red Cross News*, the *Calendar* and other materials can be forecast from analysis of materials that you have received this year and from preceding volumes of the magazines. The index supplied on request for each year will be a time saver in finding specific materials.

Rooted Values

The larger branches of the Red Cross program including the Junior Red Cross are rooted in enduring ideals. The branches may put forth new twigs, may bud, bear fruit and leaf; be again extended and strengthened as new branches. In nature, the emergency of spring is annual and fairly predictable. In human nature, seasons are less determinable. This is written in March when the analogy seems obvious and it may still appear relevant in May.

Yet there is a grotesque contradiction in an analogy between the new living symbolized by spring and the destruction of war. We continue to be like retarded children in our slowness to learn that war is an unnatural emergency: a man-made distortion of the creative will, which must be revoked by men's conscious decision to substitute in place of self-destruction an intelligent planning for life.

Non-recognition of evil is not the answer. To condone or accept a principle that exalts destruction as a means to selfish power is to join forces with the evil: to abet the makers of war. But refusal to accept the inevitability of war, and an unremitting struggle for human deliverance from it, are neither weak nor passive. To alleviate the suffering caused by war, at periods when mankind is caught in its compulsions, neither contradicts nor weakens the determined upward striving to outgrow it. When that striving comes to fruition in a good peace, mutual human compassion will be strengthened to contest other evils.

The healthy and enduring root of the Red Cross is such mutual compassion. The highest aims of education and the upreaching purposes of the Junior Red Cross are branches of the same tree.